The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$2.50	One Year	$9.75
One Month	.20	One Month	.85

VOLUME 55.....NO. 19,508

NO WAR-PRICE LOAF.

A BUMPER wheat crop—and bread at famine prices!

The seriousness of a situation which finds wheat quoted at the highest figure reached in a generation and still going abroad at the rate of from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 bushels a day, may well stir the National Government to watchfulness.

The National Housewives' League, representing 800,000 American families, has appealed directly to President Wilson, declaring that "unless a way is devised to protect our people, suffering such as this country has rarely felt will ensue." An agent for large Eastern flour mills reports that "if present conditions continue we shall have no more wheat to sell after March, and that will mean a pretty bad situation in the United States and abroad as well. I fear that flour will go above $8 wholesale."

That speculative greed will keep its hands off such tempting conditions is too much to expect. Utmost vigilance and prompt prosecution are needed to head off illegal combinations sure to seek profit in the situation. A national embargo on wheat exports is a grave and problematical expedient. But every United States District Attorney in the country has ample power to protect the public from conspirators who see money in a "war-price loaf."

NEW BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.

WAR and financial depression failed to scare new business ventures away from this State last year.

According to figures reported by Secretary of State Hugo, the number of business and stock corporations formed during 1914 under the general law of New York reached 9,342, as against 9,015 for the preceding year. Besides these, 4,312 non-stock companies and 534 foreign corporations were organized, making a total of 15,374 companies from which the State collected $141,802.56 in fees.

"This growth," Secretary Hugo points out, "clearly emphasizes the importance of our corporation laws in attracting capital even from many foreign States and countries."

It proves something more. Wherever the hard times clouds may have gathered thickest last year, the gloomiest area was not in this State. Wall Street was only a spot. Business hereabouts is awakening to the fact that it is under the edge of broad sunshine.

THE POLICE REPORT.

PARTIAL statistics of crime submitted in Police Commissioner Woods's annual report go to show that in 1914 serious offenses fell off 10 per cent., the number of arrests increased 25 per cent. and there were 20 per cent. more convictions.

The health of the police is excellent—better than that of London's "bobbies." That it cost $660,000 more to run the department matters little. New Yorkers would willingly stand an increase of many times that sum if efficiency kept pace with expenditure. The cutting down of the fixed post system is, and will continue to be, widely deplored.

Crime as a whole may have fallen off. But to the average citizen it would seem that bomb-throwing, blackmail and murder by contract show scant signs of discouragement or decline. Gangsters still menace the city and blacken its name. The murderers of Baff are still uncharged with the crime.

Figures or no figures, the beginning of 1915 finds the police department with plenty of work cut out for it and no reason to rest on its laurels.

THE RIGHT LINE.

THE best practical assurance yet for the jobless is the news that plans are already under way for $75,000,000 worth of new building in the Greater City.

Cheap building material and plentiful labor have at last coaxed capital out of its dumps. Doubt and postponement give way to confidence and action. All unemployed are in line to profit. Directly skilled workers have steady jobs, smaller jobs and chores spring up for the unskilled.

The Evening World has constantly urged that the shortest way with hard times and the problem of the idle is for every man who means to build or to extend his business to do it now. Expend, expand. Seventy-five million dollars' worth of building is a first-rate start.

Hits From Sharp Wits

"Even though we may be able to count our blessings on our fingers," remarked the Man on the Car, "we should be happy that we have all our fingers."—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Give a man unlimited opportunity to talk about himself and he will vote the entertainment a grand success.—Topeka Capital.

* * *

Is a little knowledge more troublesome than too much of it?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

* * *

Some girls who have a million airs would rather have one millionaire.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

* * *

Although a rumor travels fast, it doesn't travel far until it begins to disguise itself as a fact.—Atchison Globe.

* * *

People generally are much quicker to take offense than advice.—Deseret News.

* * *

Too many modern daughters enjoy seeing mother do the work they themselves should do.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

* * *

You don't hear men who are sincerely working for reform talking much.

* * *

Nobody cares whether a man is self-made. It's what he has been made that counts.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

Frank Danres.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can you tell me the name of the author of the recitation called "Lasca?" F. N. S.

"Sheep or Heroes?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, are New Yorkers sheep or heroes, that they endure the menace of wooden subway cars, possible recurrences of the subway tie-up, the horrible rush hour overcrowding, the admittedly "patched up" fire alarm facilities of their city, and similar outrages? Sheep but sheep would meekly stand it. Heroes but heroes would have the courage to. Are they sheep or heroes? E. S. K. JR.

"God Save the King" German?

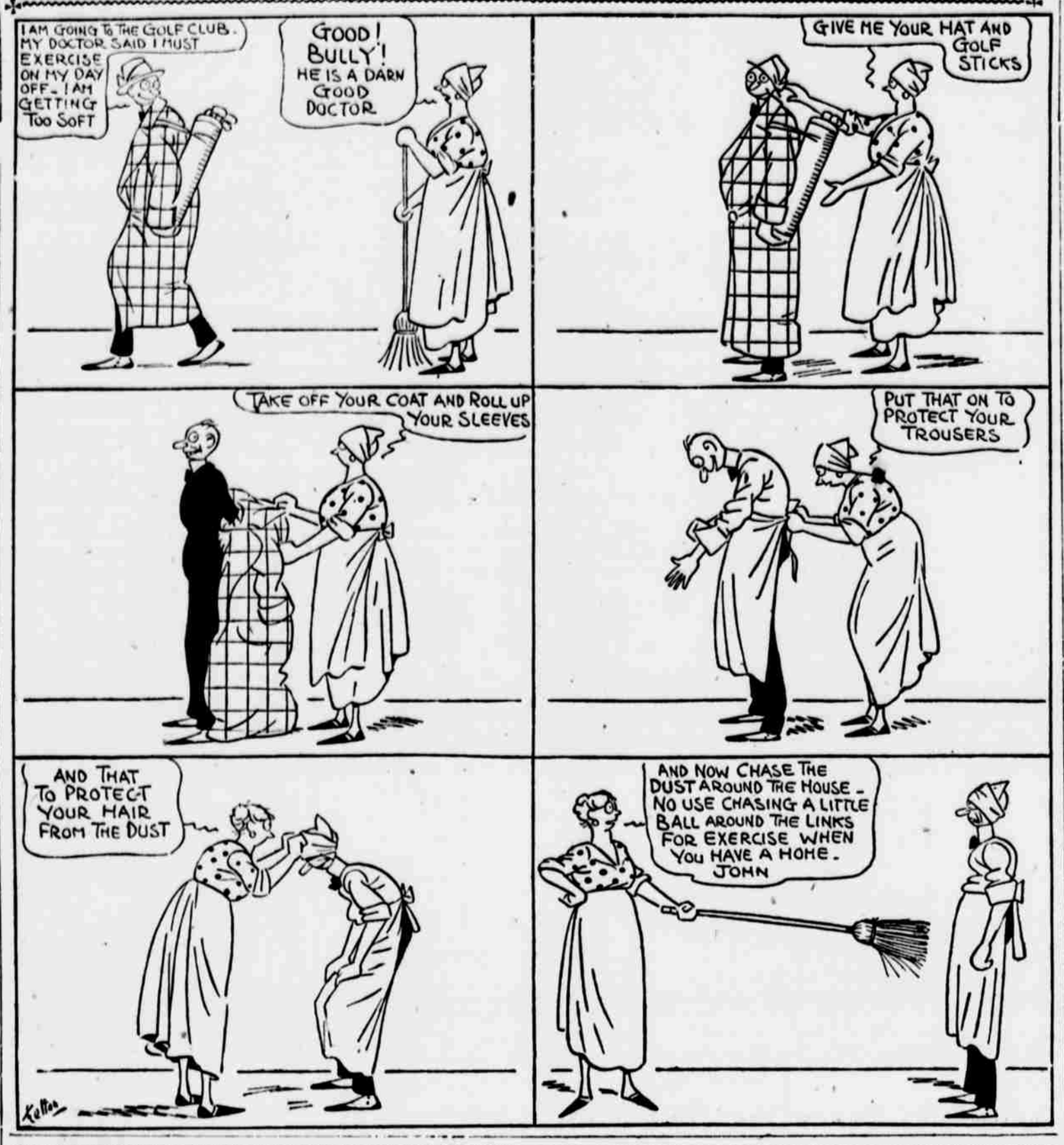
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I take pleasure in referring readers to an article I read recently which states that the national air of Great Britain ("God Save the King") was "made in Germany." Please do not write this to your friends in England because they have troubles of their own. What would they think if they heard their national air came from their German competitors?

P. O'B.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MEANWHILE trouble was coming to Mr. Jarr; and it was coming on a fast train, as Mr. Strap McGee might say.

First, while Mr. Jarr was endeavoring to get away from the grand benefit ball of the Human Uniques, Mrs. Jarr was on his trail, accompanied by Gertrude, the light running domestic. Twice she had gone astray in her search for Aroma Hall—the name in the directory not being Aroma Hall at all, but The Harlem Gentlemen's Assembly Rooms. But now, after being taken to the Bronx on one subway and to Newark on another, Mrs. Jarr was nearing the end of her quest.

Second, in Halcyon Hall, the steel sheathed dancing room below—"a rendezvous for polite people," according to the advertisements—the gangsters holding forth that night in "The Shooting Gallery" were getting peevish at the plaster falling on them from the strenuous dancing of the dime museum freaks above.

Besides, "The Gentlemen's Sons of Hell's Kitchen" had been expecting visitors in the shape of the "Mouthful-of-Plates Gang." But Mr. Skates Monahan, the leader of this rival coterie of gunmen, had been "aloughed off" that very day. In other words, Mr. Monahan had been arrested, and, their leader being in durance vile, had dampened the ardor of the turbulent Mouthful-of-Plates gang.

"Gee, it's a dull evening," muttered Mr. Strap McGee, leader of the Gentlemen's Sons. "Here it's gettin' on to 12 o'clock and not a shot has been fired!" And he looked up at the swaying ceiling, as the freaks danced heavily above, and his fingers itched to pull the trigger of his automatic pistol.

"Jest one dance, dearie!" murmured Fatima, the fat lady, in Aroma Hall above—"just a tinety lulu fado with its peaches!"

The music struck up, Mr. Dinkston stepped out onto the floor with the fair Fatima, and tragedy impended.

Mr. Malachi Hogan, once, perhaps, Fatima's favored swain, followed the unconscious dancers.

In one of the steps or figures of the lulu fado it would seem the gentleman takes the lady's hand and, stepping a few paces from her, permits the lady to amble around him.

In that fatal moment Mr. Hogan, the jealous belligerent, saw his opportunity. He made a rushing plunge and a jump and literally climbed up the tall, spare frame of Mr. Dinkston. He reached the poet's shoulders and began to belabor the Heavyweight Champion of the Anglish language over the parting of his long, lank hair.

Beholding this, the infatuated Fatima gave a shriek of rage, and plucked Mr. Hogan off the poet's back as she would have plucked a bug off a rose bush. Mr. Hogan fell to the floor and the irate Fatima screamed "You little rummy, I'll squash yer!" And, with what was truly a dull sickening thud, she sat down upon the little man.

This was too much for the rickety, though heavy, chandelier in Halcyon Hall below. It parted from its fastening and came down with a crash upon the "beams" of the dancing Gentlemen's Sons. With hoarse, inarticulate cries, the Gentlemen's Sons unlimbered their artillery as soon as they had recovered from the impact of the falling chandelier, and rushed up the stairs to Aroma Hall and began firing as they entered. Fortunately, in their anger, they aimed too high.

Wombat, the Iron Headed Man, immediately got into action. With a wild yell he charged at the gangsters, followed by Doc Diamond Jack, shouting "Hey, Rube!" and Fritz, the shipping clerk, brandishing a chair. Madam Rosa, the Bearded Lady, joined in the fray, and George, the Turtle Boy, dashed onto the firing line, snapping viciously at the legs of Mr. Strap McGee.

But Wombat, the Iron Headed Man, was the hero of the fray. Under the impact of his metallic skull the whole front row of invaders went down, and, as bruised and battered the cowardly gunmen fled, Mrs. Jarr came up the stairs and entered Aroma Hall with the frightened Gertrude, only to behold Mr. Jarr fanning the Circassian Princess, who had fainted in his arms!

As for Fatima, she was still "squashing" Mr. Hogan, and Mr. Dinkston, the poet, was going out of the window at the back and down the fire escape, hand over hand.

Mr. Jarr, a Jump Ahead of Trouble, Stubs His Toe and Is Overtaken

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

EVERY man's heart is torn between two kinds of women—the kind that helps him acquire his headaches and the kind that helps him cure them.

The breakfast table is the place where most honeymoons go down with a crash. It is never fair to look at a woman before she has gotten all the kinks out of her hair, nor to listen to a man before he has smoothed all the kinks out of his temper.

Funny, but the man who is too "wise" to propose to any woman before he is forty is always married by some woman who is enterprising enough to propose to him before he is fifty.

There are times when if a professed girl charmer could hear two of his ex-loves appraising him he would lose lots of that beautiful self satisfaction which sustains him through life's vicissitudes.

How those popular songs do illustrate the progress of the masculine heart. It used to be "Just One Girl," but now it's "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss"—and the girl isn't even specified.

The woman who is willing to be merely a kitchen utensil is apt to find herself left on the shelf like the dish-pan; but the woman who insists on being a drawing-room decoration will always be as tenderly and proudly cherished as the treasures in the curio cabinet.

So deep is a woman's vanity that even in the midst of her most poignant grief a widow can't help wondering if she will look interesting in black.

The stuff that dreams are made of: Santa Claus, perpetual motion, Socialism—and love.

"Platonic friendship" covers a multitude of emotions.

Warologues

By Alma Woodward

Scene: A classroom in a public school which is located in a densely populated cosmopolitan neighborhood.

(The forty small boys are sitting up as straight as their over-tight side-garters will let them. They are listening, awestruck and open-mouthed to Dear Teacher.)

TEACHER (with suppressed excitement)—Now, children, remember, if you answer correctly you will get good marks, and the superintendent will think that I am a good teacher. If you answer incorrectly the superintendent will think I am a bad teacher—and you'll all be left back!

(John holds up his hand and waves it frantically.)

Teacher (gently)—No, don't interrupt me, dear. This is no time to answer questions. The superintendent will be here in five minutes, and there are just a few things that I want to impress on your memory. First of all, his name is Mr. Merryweather. It is a pretty name, children. And when he says "Good morning, children," I want you to say, "Good morning, Mr. Merryweather," all together, just as if you were reciting poetry. You understand, don't you? Next, he'll examine you, most likely, in reading and mental arithmetic. That's what he's examined all the classes in so far. In reading, remember not to say "nuttin" for "nothing" and "rawr" for "raw," and drop your voice at the end of every sentence, except a question. In mental arithmetic don't——

(Enter Mr. Merryweather, unexpectedly. He greets teacher pompously. Turns and faces class.)

Mr. M. (precisely)—Good morning, children.

Class (poetically)—Good morning, Mr. Merryweather (?) (rising inflection).

Mr. M. (smiling brightly)—I have decided to examine this class this morning in geography. We are all—the whole civilized world, I might say—interested in geography just at present, and I am sure you will all do very nicely. Now sit erect—all eyes on me—hands folded—feet together—flat on the floor. Now!

(Mr. Merryweather takes roll book. Glances down list of names.)

Mr. M. (gayly)—Henry Hammersly, bound Germany.

Henry (rising importantly) — It can't be done!

Mr. M. (gasping)—Why! The idea! You're an impertinent boy! Leave the room. I will attend to you later.

Henry (in tears)—My farther says it! 'E asn't got no opinion of the Kaiser, yer honor!

Mr. M. (angrily)—Leave the room! I don't care to hear your father's opinions.

(Henry leaves room. Teacher is covered with confusion.)

Mr. M. (looking at book)—Louis Hasenfeffer, bound Germany.

Louis (jumping up briskly)—Chermany is bounded on the north by the North Sea, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east by Asia, on the——

Mr. M. (shrilly)—That will do! Sit down, sir! Who gave you that information?

Louis (complacently)—Meln vater.

Mr. M. (pacing up and down)—Outrageous! Preposterous! Miss Smith, I must insist upon your observance of the President's request for neutrality in the class room. I, MYSELF, will bound Germany for the children. Germany is bounded on the north by the North Sea, on the south by—er—by—— Children, we will now sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" with much patriotism!

Fifty Dates You Should Remember

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 17.—OCT. 5, 1582; When Our Calendar Began.

THIS article will be less stupid than its title implies, and it will tell you some interesting things you don't know, and that the man next door doesn't know.

Do you know, for example, whose vanity caused the whole calendar to be snarled up, just so that he could get his name into it and give his name-month as many days as his uncle's? Or that the year used to have ten months and 304 days? Or how February was robbed to pad out August, or why certain months have thirty days and others have thirty-one; or why 1900 was not a leap year; or that George Washington was born on Feb. 11 and not on Feb. 22?

It was Pope Gregory XIII. who gave us our present calendar; setting almost the whole world forward by ten days. His calendar went into effect on Oct. 5, 1582. So much for the "date you should remember."

The Romans used to divide the year into 304 days, and into ten months. Later (in 713 B. C.) it was divided into twelve months and into 355 days. This was a miscalculation that cheated each year out of about ten days. And during the next seven centuries these yearly ten days piled up until, by 46 B. C., the official date for the beginning of "spring" fell in midsummer.

A Year of 14 Months.

Then it was that Julius Caesar, who had conquered everything else, conquered the queer time system. He reorganized the calendar, making the "civil" year agree almost entirely with the "solar" year. He did this by giving each year 365 1-4 days; or rather allowing 365 days to three consecutive years, and 366 to the fourth or leap year. Beginning with January (and excepting February) he gave each alternate month 31 days, and the intervening months 30 days. This left February 29 days and on leap year 30 days.

To bring spring back to its proper date he decreed that for one year—46 B. C.—there should be fourteen months. From this the ancients called 46 B. C. "The Year of Confusion." Caesar kept on the names of most of the old months, though January was now the first month of the year. September, October, November and December had meant "Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth" months (from the Latin "septem, octo, novem and decem") when the year had begun in March. The names were retained, though they now meant nothing.

One month alone did Julius Caesar rob of its title. That was the old fifth month, "Quintilis." He renamed this in honor of himself, "Julius," or "July" as we call it. His reorganization of time was known as the "Julian calendar." It endured for many centuries.

Caesar was murdered and soon afterward his nephew ruled the world under the title of "Caesar Augustus." Augustus was magnificently conceited. He decided to have a month named in his honor, as Julius Caesar had done. He picked out the month following his uncle's, and named it "Augustus"—shortened later to "August."

Then Augustus discovered that his month had only 30 days, while his uncle's had 31. He would not play second fiddle to any man, dead or living. So he tacked an extra day onto August. This threw the whole calendar into a muddle. There was one day too many in the year, and there were three thirty-one day months in succession. To straighten out this tangle Augustus cut one day off February (leaving that month only 28 days long, and 29 in leap year.) He also changed September and November into thirty-day months and October and December into thirty-one-day months. This solved both problems and left the Julian calendar more or less intact.

But in a few centuries it was discovered that Caesar had made a mistake eleven minutes a year in his calender. This mistake amounted to about one day in 130 years. In the sixteenth century an Italian physician, Aloysius Lilius, pointed out this error and framed a plan for correcting it. Pope Gregory XIII. laid the plan before a conference of learned men, and as a result the present, or Gregorian, calendar was devised. The eleven minute lapse per year was made up for by setting time forward by ten days and by ordaining that no "century year" which was not divisible by 400 should henceforth be a leap year. That is why 1900 was not a leap year; 1600 A. D. was the last century leap year, and 2000 will be the next.

Ten Days Cut From Calendar.

Oct. 5, 1582—the date when the change was made—became Oct. 15. For centuries after that a part of the world still used the old Julian calendar. England and her American colonies did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until 1752. There was by that time eleven days' difference between the two. (There is now about 12 days.) Thus, George Washington, according to the calendar in vogue at the time of his birth, was born on Feb. 11. Russia alone now sticks to the Julian calendar, the Russian year beginning twelve days later than ours.

Just before Great Britain adopted the new time system, it used to be said that a man crossing from France to England would reach his destination nearly eleven days before he started.

The May Manton Fashions

SUCH a dainty little frock as this one always finds its place. It can be made of fine white batiste, as in this instance, with trimming of fine lace, or it can be made of Dresden dimity if a sturdier dress is wanted, or it can be made of cotton voile if a dressier frock is in demand, or of one of the beautiful new sheer cotton crepes. Again, the skirt is straight, consequently it can be made from flouncing, with the body portion only of plain material. The sleeves may be cut long or short and the neck may be high with a collar, or cut to form a square finished with banding. As will readily be seen, two or three frocks, each quite different in effect from the other, easily can be made from the one pattern.

For the 4 year size will be required 3 1-2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 3 3-8 yds. 36, 3 yds. 44, with 3 1-4 yds. of insertion, 4 1-2 yds. edging and 7-8 yds. beading to make as shown on the figure, 1 7-8 yds. flouncing 10 in. wide, with 1 1-2 yds. plain material 36 in. wide to make as shown in back view.

Pattern No. 8543.—Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 Years.

Pattern No. 8543 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.